

# The Trail



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## *The Tribute of a Sigh*



*Long years ago, I read the ancient tale  
Of Pegasus the winged steed, who came  
To feed upon the herbage in the vale  
Where flowed the Pierian fount of Grecian fame.  
In later years, when phantasy of mind  
From Life's entrancing touch a meaning caught,  
An earthly Helicon I strove to find  
Alas, the fruitless study and pursuit,  
To test my fancies in the light of thought.  
The joyless toil that brought but scanty gain,  
The Tree of Knowledge bore but bitter fruit,  
Could I unlearn that mortal life is vain.  
And now I've lost delight in woodland ways,  
Oh, give me back the charm of childhood days.*

*—H. R. L.*



## A NOTE ON THOMAS HARDY

BY E. K. BROADUS.

Hardy's greatness both as novelist and poet has been so long recognized and has so often engaged the attention of competent critics there is little to say about him that has not been said—and well said—before. But his death has more sharply focussed our thought and impels us to remind ourselves of the qualities which make his personality and his art significant.

At the risk of obtruding what is after all largely a matter of private concern, I am tempted to begin these reflections with a word of personal reminiscence. In the summer of 1919 through the kindly initiative of officials of the Clarendon Press, I was enabled to spend an evening as Hardy's guest. Knowing how secluded his life was, and how completely he denied himself to inquisitive tourists, I felt that the invitation was one which ought to involve a veritable pilgrimage as to a shrine. True, the days when it was seemingly to go barefoot were past, and my mode of locomotion was an entirely unromantic "push-bike"; but as the road was freshly gravelled and there was a stiffish head-wind, much of the pilgrimage was appropriately made on foot; and I reached Dorchester (near which stands Hardy's secluded dwelling "Max Gate") with a sense that the spirits that reign over pilgrimages had been properly propitiated.

Scattered about the drawing room of Max Gate were Roman relics, handiwork of bronze and silver, recently unearthed in excavations made for a projected enlargement of the house. It was a singularly fit setting for a writer whose novels are haunted with a sense of the ageless past—"man slighted but enduring"—Celt, Roman, Saxon, Norman, each living out his little span on the unalterable face of Nature—Nature at once broodingly aware and darkly indifferent. And, more particularly, one's thoughts turned to that description in *The Mayor of Casterbridge*: "It was impossible to dig more than a foot or two deep about the town

fields and gardens without coming upon some tall soldier or other of the Empire, who had lain there in his silent unobtrusive rest for a space of fifteen hundred years. . . ."

It was an appropriate setting in which to catch one's first glimpse of Hardy; but Hardy would have been the last person in the world to be conscious of a "setting." There was indeed no pose about him whatsoever, no "air" such as that with which the Tennyson of the mantled shoulders and flowing locks supported his poetic dignity at Farringford and Aldworth. The man who wandered about the room, trying by a word here and a word there to give voice and life to those mute evidences of a bygone civilization, and touching them the while with a loving finger, was the veritable Wessex peasant of his novels: a man of plain ways and homely speech. It was possible to see how like his books was his common talk—always downright, at times fumbling, not easy, at times surprising with a sudden stateliness, at times touched with the gritty humor and quaint philosophy of those Wessex rustics who so often in his novels voice his comment on life's little ironies.

He talked about the relics. He talked a little—but not readily—about himself and his books. He sketched for me in pencil a little itinerary which I might follow a-wheel among the scenes of his novels. The evening waned and I rose to make my way back to the inn in Dorchester. The night was black with a drizzling rain. It was perhaps a quarter of a mile through the wooded park and along the lane to the point where the lights of the town began. To my surprise the old man (seventy-nine he was, in that year of 1919), tucked his hand under my elbow, and, hatless and umbrellaless, and meeting my protest with the remark that he had had time to grow wonted to English weather, guided me to the thoroughfare. So I remember him, pausing just short of the first electric light, waving

goodby, his craggy old face in chiaroscuro. Not, Oh, most emphatically not the face recently pictured in the newspapers! That, if it looks like anything, looks like the face of a still dapper but unmistakably aging drug-clerk. But there is a painting of him by Augustus John, which is in the Fitz-William Museum in Cambridge (Hardy was an Honorary Fellow of Magdalene College, and prized a Litt.D. from Cambridge) which is in every line the face I remember. A photograph of that painting hangs beside my desk.

It is hard to realize that Hardy is dead. He has been for so long a great figure in the world of letters. He was poet and novelist before most of us were born. His career as a poet began in 1865, as a novelist in 1871. Had he swayed with the tides during that long span of years, had he responded to this impulse and to that, and reflected in turn the ephemeral fashions of the last three decades of the nineteenth century, and the first two decades of this, time would have written its record upon his work and foreshadowed the turning of the last page. He has not failed to remind us that he has been growing bodily old.

I look into my glass  
And view my wasting skin,  
And say, "Would God it came to pass  
My heart had shrunk as thin!"  
For then I, undistrest  
By hearts grown cold to me,  
Could lonely wait my endless rest  
With equanimity.  
But Time, to make me grieve,  
Part steals, lets part abide;  
And shakes this fragile frame at eve  
With throbbings of noontide.

But he has been too unalterably himself for us to think of him as sharing the common lot. He has come to be a permanent institution, studying life in his Wessex microcosm, discovering there what Wordsworth discovered in the Cumberland hills,—that among these unpretentious folk "the essential passions of the heart find a better soil in which they can attain their maturity, are less under re-

straint, and speak a plainer and more emphatic language."

If, in this contemplation, he has seen and recorded rather more of the tragic irony of life than of its romantic prettiness, it is merely because he is more doggedly honest than most of us. "'Justice' was done, and the President of the Immortals (in Aeschylean phrase) had ended his sport with Tess." The irony is not Hardy's. He is but the recorder of it, in a record surcharged with sympathy and understanding.

In the constricted limits of an article in *The Trail* (the editor gives me fourteen hundred words), it is simply impossible to enter upon a discussion of Hardy's art as either novelist or poet. The vividness and power of the novels (on the whole, I think *The Mayor of Casterbridge* and *Tess* the best of them); the epic magnificence of *The Dynasts*; the rough-hewn strength of his verse and the beauty inherent in that rough-hewn strength—these things cannot be compassed in fourteen hundred words.

But even in a note as brief as this, there is one matter which cannot be ignored. Any one who has discussed Hardy with students and fellow-readers over a term of years will have encountered, as I have many times encountered, that easy damnation of Hardy which consists in saying: "Oh, he is a pessimist." No doubt there are and will always be persons who prefer Pollyanna books; but if we are to be honest with ourselves, we should at least consider Hardy's own answer to this accusation:—

"Heine observed nearly a hundred years ago that the soul has her eternal rights; that she will not be darkened by statutes, nor lulled by the music of bells. And what is today, in allusions to the present author's pages, alleged to be 'pessimism' is, in truth, only such 'questionings' in the exploration of reality, and is the first step towards the soul's betterment, and the body's also.

"If I may be forgiven for quoting my old words, let me repeat what I printed in this relation more than twenty years

and, and wrote much earlier, in a poem entitled 'In Tenebris':

If way to the Better there be, it exacts  
a full look at the Worst:

that is to say, by the exploration of reality, and its frank recognition stage by stage along the survey, with an eye to the best consummation possible: briefly, evolutionary meliorism."

With this defence, I would have you associate those serenely beautiful lines of

Hardy's which first appeared in the *London Mercury* for November, 1924:

A star looks down at me,  
And says: "Here I and you  
Stand, each in our degree:  
What do you mean to do—  
Mean to do?"

I say: "For all I know,  
Wait, and let Time go by,  
Till my change come."—"Just so,"  
The star says: "So mean I:—  
So mean I."

## "YOUNG CRIMINALS"

By A. B. HARVEY.

The question of legal punishment may be viewed from different angles. It is now generally recognized that in the case of ordinary criminals, the primary aspect is the deterrent effect of the punishment imposed. It should be such as to render a repetition of the offence, either by the offender himself, or by others, less likely. But in some cases this emphasis shifts, owing to a variety of reasons, which make the deterrent aspect less important than some other.

Persons who have experience in dealing with young persons are generally agreed that in their case the primary object of punishment must be reformative—the effort is rather to make the offender himself into a decent and useful member of society. Very few persons convicted of criminal offences before they reach the age of twenty-one, are so depraved that proper care and attention cannot transform them into law-abiding members of the community. What therefore is the position of these young persons under our system?

The Common Law lays it down as a principle that no child under the age of seven shall be criminally liable. In legal language, there is an absolute presumption that a child under seven is incapable of forming the intent necessary to make him criminally responsible for his acts. This is only reasonable, as children of this tender age are no more capable than insane persons of appreciating

the distinction between right and wrong.

When a child reaches seven years of age, however, he is presumed to know what he is doing. But he can obviously not be treated in the same way as an adult offender. He is therefore dealt with by a special court, known as the Juvenile Court, whose procedure is simpler than that of the ordinary tribunals, and where greater latitude exists as to punishment. If confinement is found necessary, children of this class (who are known as "Juvenile Delinquents") are sent to some special institution, known as Reformatory or Industrial Schools, where the object of those in charge is avowedly proper training and the imparting of right impulses.

Considerations of space prevent any comment on the efficacy of the juvenile court system of this Dominion. Any criticism would be as to matters of detail, as it must be generally recognized that the underlying principle of this system is a sound one. We therefore proceed to the consideration of the next division. The first question for determination is the age at which this next class begins.

Until recently the Juvenile Delinquents Act defined a "child" (to which its provisions applied) as "any boy or girl apparently or actually under the age of sixteen years." In 1921 an amendment to this Act was passed, substituting "eighteen" for "sixteen." But it was provided



that this amendment should take effect only in those Provinces where it was proclaimed in force by the Provincial Government. So far, only two provinces, Manitoba and British Columbia, have raised the age-limit in accordance with this provision. In all others, the law remains as before. In the writer's opinion, this raising of the age is bad. A boy of eighteen is undoubtedly a very different type of animal from one of fifteen, and needs a different type of treatment. When it is considered that confinement in the juvenile institutions may be for two or three years, it is obvious that the latest age at which a boy should be sent to such a place is sixteen. This difficulty might be overcome by the provision of separate institutions for older boys, but in view of the sparseness of our population, this would not be warranted in Canada.

From the abstract point of view then, the maximum age for juveniles should remain as sixteen. But when we consider da, most of us would joyfully acquiesce in the position as it actually exists in Canada—the raising of the age even to twenty-one. For we find the startling fact that according to the letter of our law, there is no intermediate stage between the juvenile and the adult criminal. Once a boy (or girl) has passed the age of sixteen, he is, except in the two provinces referred to, treated in precisely the same way as a criminal of thirty-five—that is to say, he is dealt with as a man, fully responsible for his acts.

As far as actual trial is concerned, this is probably justifiable. Most youths of sixteen or seventeen are able to appreciate the ordinary criminal procedure at least as well as the average layman. But it is when we come to the punishment to be meted out that we find the weakness of the system. A judge or magistrate before whom a youth of, say, seventeen is convicted of a criminal offence, has his choice of three possible courses. He may release on suspended sentence, he may in certain cases fine, or he may imprison. Let us briefly consider each of these alternatives.

Suspended sentence, or what is practically the same thing, probation of good conduct, is of course both important and desirable. It does not mean, as is the general opinion among laymen, that the offender is "discharged with a caution." It simply means that his conduct is watched during a prescribed period (commonly two years). During that time he is at liberty, and should be under the supervision of an efficient probation officer, from whom he receives encouragement and sympathy, and whose duty it is to report to the Court on the conduct of his charge. If during the prescribed period, he behaves himself, he is not further punished. But if he is convicted of any other offence during that time, or if he seriously misconducts himself during the period, the sentence which has been suspended will be imposed.

The power of suspending sentence should not be curtailed but rather enlarged, especially in the case of young offenders. There are obviously cases in which probation will not succeed the first or even the second time, but may on a subsequent attempt. Surely, so long as there is any possibility of reform by this means, it should not be abandoned. Our judges and magistrates can be trusted not to resort to it where it is obviously inadequate.

The next possibility is that of a fine. In the case of youthful "criminals" this form of punishment is practically worthless. It can be imposed alone (that is, without the addition of imprisonment), only in certain cases, and the vast majority of young persons convicted in our courts have no independent means from which they can pay a fine. The result therefore is, either that payment is made for them by some other person—in which case the effect on the offender himself is usually negligible—or else that they are unable to pay, and go to gaol.

This brings us to the third alternative, imprisonment. Here we are face to face with what is probably the worst feature of our system. There is no place of confinement for these youths other than the ordinary gaols or penitentiaries. It is

perhaps not generally known that sentences which are of less than two years in duration are to Provincial Gaols, while longer ones are to the Penitentiaries. To these institutions, therefore, boys of seventeen and eighteen must be sent. Statistics show that during any year, about ten per cent. of our total penitentiary population consists of persons under twenty years of age. There are no general statistics available for the Provincial Gaols, but the proportion would naturally be much higher.

No one can seriously contend that a boy of seventeen is fully developed as to character. On the contrary, he is at the height of the formative period, when his character may be permanently formed, for good or ill, by his associates. And at this critical time, he is sent to associate with confirmed and hardened criminals of the worst type. True, much may be, and is, done by good wardens to counteract these influences. But the officials are busy men, working constantly with the ordinary prison population, and cannot be expected to give that sympathy and encouragement which is required at this age.

An attempt has been made in Eastern Canada, by the establishment of institutions such as the Ontario Reformatories, where a definite effort is made to equip the inmates for their later life. But even this system, though an improvement, is

woefully deficient. The prisoners work in association, sometimes without supervision, and sleep in dormitories, where they are also allowed to spend much of their time. As the population of these institutions is not confined to youths, but consists largely of older men, the evils of association, already mentioned, are not decreased, but multiplied.

England has long since realized the necessity for separate treatment of offenders between sixteen and twenty-one, and has established an entirely separate system for them. The allotted space has run out, and an examination of the Borstal system is impossible. The general principle is that which has been laid down in this article—that a boy of eighteen is not a criminal in the ordinary sense, but a special case, meriting a particular kind of care and attention. The Borstal Institutions combine excellent vocational training with the spirit of the English public school, the most important feature being the personal contact of the boys with older men of high ideals, who help and encourage them in all possible ways. Perhaps there may be an opportunity in some future article to examine this system more fully. But surely enough has been said in this article to convince the readers that our system is radically wrong and must be altered. The difficulty is the arousing of any public or official opinion to that effect.



## LEARNING vs. TEACHING

BY H. D. AINLAY.

There are two classes of teachers today: those who have a feeling of satisfaction with things as they are, and those who have a sense of dissatisfaction but at the same time a feeling that they are beating their heads against a stone wall of official indifference or a spirit of let well-enough alone. It is to the latter class of teacher that the arguments advanced in this article will appeal. How often have we heard in conventions and elsewhere the statement made that the school is too much like a factory trying to turn out a standardized product according to a set plan? We should also be prepared to advertise spare parts for those pupils unable to come up to the specifications laid down. Imagine, if you can, a storekeeper saying to his clerks that he wished them all to turn in the same amount of sales per week. We would soon see him confined in an institute where such serious cases are treated. Yet in our schools we have the same thing going on daily. In a classroom of forty pupils, with forty different brain equipments, forty different inherent qualities, and home conditions almost as variant, we expect the same amount of achievement from each pupil. The quick workers must not get too far ahead of the slow ones for fear that the class-work will be disrupted, or the precious timetable will be unworkable.

Sometimes I am inclined to think that in Canada the system of education is too centralized, and little is left to the ability of different localities and teachers to adapt the education to the individual needs. Have we followed the line of "other" manufactures and become too standardized? Today a mechanic is not a mechanic in the real sense of the word, but simply a cog in a big machine. Our pupils have become the same. How much thinking does a pupil in our schools do for himself? What is the common cry today among teachers? Is it not that the pupils have no concentration? Concentration on what? All he has to do is to

swallow what the teacher tells him and then the food is even in some cases pre-digested. There is nothing to call out the fighting qualities common to youth. There is nothing left to stimulate his natural spirit of curiosity.

There are two schools of thought: (a) those who think that education should be driven home by force if necessary, a sort of forcible feeding; (b) those who think that the pill should be sugar-coated so that the patient will take it unconsciously. The work should be made so interesting that it appears as play. There is very little thought given to the idea that possibly the work may be given in such a way as to stimulate the interest in the mind of the pupil himself. This is highly improbable if the present lock-step and group system is used.

Some of my readers may be thinking that this is just another criticism without any solution. There are a few suggestions that I have to make that may prove a solution, and at least stimulate some controversy. Most of my readers will no doubt have heard of the Dalton Plan of education. The main principal of the plan is to have the work of the year divided into definite assignments. These outline the work and give possible references from which the pupil may gain information. Under the original scheme no class instruction is given above grade three, and the work is entirely individual. The pupil sets his own pace and absorbs the information as fast as he can digest it. In our schools the pupil is not recognized as having a personality, but once he is out of school we say he has. Where did it come from? Certainly the school has done nothing to develop it, rather otherwise. The pupil is like the ox on the tread-mill, doing his daily round, but realizing very little as to where he is going. He has the idea that if he serves eight years in one prison he may then go to another for a further term of four years. Is it any wonder that our pupils



become time-servers? By the method suggested the pupil has a contract set before him; a definite job for him to do. This in itself is an advantage to the pupil and teacher, and the pupil knows where he is going. He has a goal to strive for. There is something that appeals to him.

The writer has a modification of the Dalton plan under experiment at the present time, and while it may not be perfect in many of its phases, there is this to be said for it, that the pupils are receiving a real education and enjoying the operation. The plan is briefly as follows: The subjects are divided into two lists. In one is placed Geography, History, Arithmetic, Agriculture, and Hygiene. These are conducted by the assignment method; the others by the class or group method. The assignments roughly map out a month's work, and are typed out so that each pupil gets a copy. The month's assignment is covered in a few lessons and then the pupils start on their part of the work, namely, reading the references and making out their own notes. These are examined from time to time to see that they are being made out in the best way. There are no restrictions placed on the pupil as to what he will work at as long as he works and to advantage. He may work all his time at arithmetic until he has finished his assignment. When he has the work of any assignment ready he asks for a test, and if he takes 80% in the work he can go on to the other work. This stipulation has been made, however, that he must finish all of the number one assignments before getting any number two assignments. After the difficult parts of the assignment have been taught, the teacher's time is taken up with individual assistance where needed.

It can be seen that under this method the time-honored time-table cannot be used, and furthermore, no home work can be assigned. This does not mean, however, that the pupils do not home work, for from a survey made of the parents it has been found that there is more home work done, and without the coercion on the part of the parents. As one pupils says, "What we have to do, we

very seldom want to do." The interest of the pupils is shown in that they are quite willing to stay at recess or after school to write tests on the work, and pupils who, in former grades, had to be continually urged, now work hard of their own accord.

Record cards are kept, and hang on the wall so that every pupil can see the progress that he is making and the amount of work that he should be over by a given time.

Some of the advantages of this method may be outlined.

1. The pupils do not all put the same time on each subject irrespective of their ability to do the work of the subject.

2. As the pupil chooses the subject that he is to work on at any given time, there is no question of lack of interest.

3. There is a freedom in the class-room, but at the same time a hum of industry.

4. The pupil becomes the main actor, instead of the teacher.

5. The pupil is given a group of experiences instead of a lot of facts.

6. The pupil is considered as an individual and not simply as one of a group.

7. Progress in a class correlates highly with the intelligence of the pupils.

8. There is no coercion.

9. In case of absence for any reason the pupil does not get behind the class, but behind only in his own work.

10. In the case of pupils leaving before the term has ended, if the work has been finished, no harm has been done; if not finished, then it would have to be finished the next term.

11. There is no question of "skipping." If the pupil has satisfactorily covered the work of one grade he automatically goes on to the assignments of the next grade. He can do this without leaving the room he is in, and so avoid disrupting other rooms.

12. The pupil becomes self-educative, and this will stand him in good stead when in the higher grades of high school or in after life.

13. The pupils learn how to handle reference books.

## THE CAT AND THE FIDDLE

By E. T. MITCHELL.

Mother Goose has always been appreciated by us elders for its lilting tunes and jingling rhymes, but each year as Christmas season comes around, and I read again Joyce's *Mother Goose* (Joyce is my little girl), I find its worldly wisdom more piquant, its philosophy more profound, and its occasional lapses into sadness more poignant. Old as the hills, these gnomes of letters dance and prance and pirouette before us, look at us out of wise, elfish eyes, and utter those deep intuitions that come unreasoned from the most profound springs of life. Solomon's wise cracks had to be written down in a book or they never would have survived in this Anglo-Saxon world. Even now, of his thousand odd verses, how many of us can repeat thirty-three? But Mother Goose's wisdom comes down to us from the unfathomable past by word of mouth, and is as universal at the A, B, C's. Some, like Jack Sprat, are, to be sure, barely a hundred and fifty years old; others, like *Hi-Diddle-Didle, the Cat and the Fiddle* belong, I believe, to the thirteenth or fourteenth century; but some, like *The Frog Who Would A-wooing Go* are, the experts tell us, as old at least as Egyptian civilization. The difficulty about tracing the origins of these rhymes is that no one ever wrote them down — they survived without the aid of mortar, papyrus, or linen.

Many of them are artistic in the highest degree. They have the story teller's art in that they do not tell a story, but provide the stimulus for a story. Like all true art they suggest far more than they directly express, creating an emotional tone or impression which is pleasing, satisfying, and gratifying. They raise us out of the humdrum of eating and dressing and washing, of being scolded and receiving knocks, and they give us moments of pure ecstasy. And what is the channel by which they reach the heart and create an emotional impression? Vivid words, lines worn to perfect

smoothness by the tongues of countless generations, rollicking tunes, and fragments of profound philosophy. No work of art can live if it does not continue to possess an intellectual appeal; if it does not select and reveal some element of ideality or value in the commonplace surroundings of this dull world. The eye of the artist perceives what others fail to perceive because he sees with the mind's eye, and he makes visible to our cruder senses what he sees. And it is just because these nursery rhymes are so penetratingly realistic that they are so highly ideal and artistic.

Probably the first nursery rhyme you ever learned was the infectiously boisterous *Hi-diddle-diddle*. Do you know of any other five lines in all literature that more instantly lift you out of dull routine and petty regulations, and give you such joyous, spontaneous, and roisterous freedom? Such hilarity we always long for, certainly need, and occasionally indulge. The first lines, *Hi-diddle-diddle, The cat and the fiddle*, strike the note, and give the atmosphere of music, dance, and lively mirth. "Cat," I should perhaps explain in a footnote, is probably not the harmless necessary cat that sits before the fire. The word is simply the old English term for any kind of violin. "Cat-gut," you will understand, does not come from the inside of your favorite pet, but is gut or string for your "cat." More specifically, the "kit" (readily corrupted to "cat," and probably derived from the Greek kithara, was a small violin much in vogue at one time among dancing masters. This probably suggests the date of the rhyme, the other indications being found in the ideas which the ditty preserves for us, like ants in amber. If you do not like this interpretation, and want an unmusical cat in the story instead of a musical one, have it your own way. But if I am right, *the cat and the fiddle* calls up scenes of country dancing, just as the analogous couples, fife and

drum, pipes and tabours, the cymbal and the harp, call up their appropriate occasions.

*The cow jumped over the moon.* Now this is a thing that a cow should never, never do. What a lawless, but perfectly adorable antic for bossy, of all creatures! Let me begin at the beginning and explain how it all happened. Of all animals the cow is the most quiet, contemplative, and deeply ruminative; not as sly, perhaps, as the fox, nor as argumentative as the goat, nor as wise as the serpent; but for downright profound reflection she is quite without a rival. Who has not observed a cow standing meditating in the middle of an automobile-infected road, entirely oblivious to danger; or, struck with an idea, standing in a gate or a barn door while the long line of her fellows pause respectfully while she ruminates? Be not angry with the thoughtful cow on such occasions; once, at least, she thought to good effect. Some have claimed that Copernicus broke the power of Scholasticism; some say it was Bacon; Hobbes claimed that it was none other than himself; but I claim that it was the cow who jumped over the moon. The ancient wise philosophers had taught that there is a place for every degree of being, and that every being must keep its place. In the depths of the earth was the place for Satan and his angels. When they roamed the surface of the earth, and mingled with the human throng, they were out of bounds. Between the surface of the earth and the moon was the region of mortal man and his animal kingdom. No eagle durst fly beyond the moon; no man durst build a tower higher than the moon. Above the moon were the eternal stars and the spheres of the several degrees of angels. Had not Aristotle himself, wisest of men, said that below the moon is the region of the mutable, above the moon the region of the eternal and unchangeable.

Long did the cow ponder over this superstitious fancy. Long did she meditate and debate within herself. There seemed but one way to solve the question;

she must see for herself. Doubt gave place to conviction, and conviction to determination. No hint did she betray through her mild brown eyes, but when *the cat and the fiddle* went *hi-diddle-diddle* she could restrain herself no longer, but did the shocking thing. She went and jumped right over the moon—a thing a cow, as I have already said, should never, never do.

This stunt added greatly to the fun of the party, and when even the little dog laughed to see such fun, it was plain that the power of scholastic superstition and authority was broken once and for all. It is true that the cow was very, very wicked to do such a thing, but then, isn't a certain amount of wickedness necessary in this old world?

Not to be outdone by the cow, the dish *ran away with the spoon*. No doubt the little dog laughed at this too, but it was very undignified nevertheless. In the natural order of things the dish is quiet, passive, receptive; the spoon is active and aggressive. The dish takes whatever the spoon cares to give, and patiently allows the spoon to take it all away again. This passive-active relationship accounts for the fact that dish and spoon, mortar and pestle, symbolize, as any psychologist will tell you, the male and the female. And now you realize the significance of what happened at the dance. The dish ran away with the spoon, the woman captured the man and ran off with him. She did not wait to be invited to dance, but up and grabbed him and danced away with him. That ended the spoon's illusion of superiority, and changed his ideas about the place of the dish in the order of nature. Oh, no! The woman's movement is not new. The dish led the way ages ago, just as the cow showed Galileo and Columbus the way of the scientific method.

I have heard this little artistic and philosophic gem libelled as a nonsense rhyme. Some people have very little appreciation of the subtle or the suggestive. They take symbols of brute facts and parables for narrations of events.

They think of easter eggs as things to eat in great numbers, and if told that there is a penny in every fish's mouth, they open a fish's mouth to see. Such people call this classic a nonsense jingle. Fortunately no child is so prosaic or so dense. There is that in every child's nature which responds to the spirit of freedom, mirth, and spontaneity of *Hiddle-diddle*. Even though he does not realize the full import of the symbols, he will never entirely lose sight of the little world where his fellow beings danced and misbehaved in such a perfectly enviable way. His life is forever richer for this glimpse of unrestrained liberty.

## HYMN TO NIGHT.

By R.D.

Look, night her lovely mantle flings  
O'er tried earth: sweet rest she brings.

Night brings surcease from pain.  
What agony the day has wrought  
In mind or body, is as naught  
When night, her gentle hand has lain  
On aching body and tired brain.

A friend to all who long for peace,  
Is silent night. The hardest road  
Is eased; the barrenest fields, wherein are  
sown

Our fondest hopes, with life increase  
When day doth cease.

Night is a lovely thing  
Such peace to bring.

## A NIGHT'S WORK

By E. H. STRICKLAND.

I am dog-tired. All day I have been busy with my compass and my stakes, my maps and protractors working out my lines of fire, my elevations and my clearances, so that I can place my guns in a position to support the raid that is to come off in two days' time. Yes, I'm tired; but I'm satisfied. I feel that my work has been well done. My guns cover their allotted front without a gap, and two of them cover the front of any one that gets knocked out.

I won't make my rounds till eleven tonight. I have been up since three this morning, and now I have three hours to sleep. Orders or no orders, I'll sleep with my boots off.

"Sergeant, tell the sentry to call us at 10:45 pip emma. Let's sleep till then."

"What! Already? Roust out, sergeant. We might as well shove off without delay—the touter the suiter—and we'll be back by two. Have you the rum ready—Remind me if I forget to check up No. 4's elevation. Steele is getting careless, and we'll have to get a new Number One on that team if we find him off his

S.O.S. again . . . golly, but I'm stiff . . . there's the phone. . . . Yes. . . Yes, O.C. Beer speaking . . . What's that? . . . Hooge and Potato? Yes, I got that. 'Sthat all?"

"'Hooge and Potato,' sergeant; hand me that new code-book and let's see what the trouble is. . . . Here we are: 'Hooge'—gas attack expected; 'Potato'—warn all your men . . . Glad we got that before we started . . . Oh, Gordon, sit here till we come back and take messages. Don't say anything but 'hello' and repeat messages . . . Righto, sergeant; got the rum?"

"Damn those flares; they're blinding, and the duck-board is shot to hell in these traverses . . . We'll go over the top to Eddy; it's pretty quiet . . . Whoof! Didn't get you, did it, sergeant? Between us, I guess. . . . You're in no worse mess than I am; the one I dived into had about nine inches of slime at the bottom. . . . Good Lord! that minnie must have landed pretty close to No. 3. Here, jump! My God, it got them!"

"Hello, there; anyone hurt?"

"Yes, sir, I think Gregory is laid out;

he was sentry and we can't find him. But the gun's all right."

"Not too loud, son; Heinie's only 200 yards over there, and if he hears a rumpus he'll know he got something and send over a few more to complete the job . . . Get the rest of the boys up and we'll scatter around, wait for a flare, and see where he is."

"Here he is, sir."

The flare goes out, but it has shown Gregory lying, half buried in the broken parapet. We remove as much debris from him as we can, and by feeling over his body in the darkness we find that he is unnaturally doubled up. Another flare shows his leg badly fractured, for it is under him though he is lying on his back. We lower him to the bottom of the trench, cut off his trousers, and find that his leg is badly shattered—my flashlight with the hood down gives enough light to work over him.

"Get his first-aid dressing out of his tunic."

Blood is pouring out of a wound above the knee. It is coming from a deep-seated artery and a tourniquet will hardly arrest it; but the bleeding must be stopped. With my fingers I stuff the canvas deeply into the wound. He stirs and starts to yell.

"Stop him, someone."

A hand is placed over the sufferer's mouth—we are only 200 yards from Heinie!

"Alright, lad, we shan't be long now, and you'll be on your way to Blighty before morning . . . another bandage, someone."

Again I stuff canvas into the wound to stop the bleeding.

Through the muffling hand comes a cry, "Oh, for Christ's sake, sir!"

Then a whimper, "Mother . . . mother . . .;" and silence.

We complete our task, unload his rifle and bind it to his leg with his puttee. A stretcher party arrives and carry him away.

"Get the parapet repaired before morning. . . . Watch out for gas. There are rumors that some is coming over. If it does, fire single shots to sound like a rifle and oil up freely. Whatever you do, don't give your position away by firing a volley unless you get an S.O.S. . . . Good-night, and best of luck."

"Say, sergeant, did you give them their rum. I clean forgot it. . . . Good."

The elevation of No. 4 is correct when we take a reading on the clino with the aid of a glowing cigarette-butt. "Good-night. Fix that gas curtain right away."

Numbers one and two are both firing when we visit them in the support line. "Keep them guessing, Slater, don't fire at regular intervals. Don't forget that your target is a dump with working parties on it; if they know when you are going to fire you'll not get anyone."

"Home again, sergeant. I'll make my report and then roll in for an hour."

"Situation—quiet. . . . M.G. fire and minnies normal . . . Casualties—7163, Gregory, Pte. F. H., Crew No. 3, broken leg, shell fire, sent out. S.A.A expended 3,000 rounds."

My hands are caked with mud and blood, but I am going to sleep. I am dog-tired.





## THE PALLISER EXPEDITION

BY A. E. OTTEWELL.

The year 1857 is one of the most important dates in the history of Western Canada. Indeed it may be called the birthdate of development along present lines. For thirty-five years the fur trade had been enjoying a sort of golden age. By many the idea had been industriously cultivated that our great plains and forests west of the Great Lakes were the peculiar preserves of the hunter and trapper and of little or no consequence otherwise. This was true in spite of the work of the Selkirk settlers who for forty-five years had been maintaining themselves at Red Deer in spite of unbelievable handicaps.

Meanwhile the Company of Gentlemen Adventurers trading into the Hudson Bay had been piling up fat profits. Gradually news began to leak out that their territory was not the frozen waste it had been represented to be. The journals of Sir John Franklin and his associates and the work of such men as Paul Kane were beginning to lift the veil of ignorance, and awkward questions were being asked. Why should a private company hold a monopoly of trade and rule over such a vast area?

It was proposed by some means to end those conditions. How could it best be done? One proposal seems to have been to cancel the Company's charter and erect a Crown Colony to take over a part at least of its prerogatives. But before such a drastic step should be taken the British Government wished to be sure of its ground. So an exploration expedition staffed by the best men available was determined upon. This Palliser expedition was called for its leader Captain Palliser. He himself was an engineer, and he had associated with him two men of sound scientific training judged by the standards of those days. These were Dr. Hector, geologist and surgeon, and Mr. Bourgeau, a botanist of high standing.

Captain Palliser's instructions were to investigate the transportation problem east and west from Lake Superior to Red

River and through the Rocky Mountains. In the second place he was to examine the country as to its fitness for settlement and natural resources, and delineate such areas as he found fit for agriculture. Records of meteorological conditions were to be made, and in general what would today be called an economic survey was to be made.

Between two and three years were spent in the task assigned, and all instructions were carried out. The journal of the expedition, a voluminous blue book, was presented to the Imperial Government, and for all practical use made of its findings the expedition was promptly forgotten. Had Captain Palliser's conclusions been taken into account when our prairies were being settled almost every one of our unfortunate experiences could have been avoided.

The summer of 1857 was spent in getting into the country via the old fur-traders' route from Lake Superior to Red River, then across the plains by trail to Fort Carlton. The observations of the Franklin expedition were checked, and careful notes were made relative to the possibility of a road being built from Fort William to Red River. This project Palliser considered financially impossible. At that time he was probably right, but time saw conditions change. We need to remember that railway building was in its infancy and the revolution which a railway would produce was not appreciated. However, as the expedition worked its way westward by the Turtle Mountains, the Qu'Appelle and Saskatchewan valleys, the potential agricultural wealth amazed Palliser.

It is interesting to note in passing that a grasshopper or Rocky Mountain locust plague was encountered, also that July frosts were reported, and on August 12th frosts severe enough to stop flies. On August 14th the water froze in the camp kettles in the Souris Valley. The expedition worked as far up the South Saskatchewan as the present town of Empress.

but turned back there for fear of the Blackfeet, and crossed at the elbow almost south of the present city of Saskatoon, proceeding to Carlton House, the first winter base. Palliser relates a joke on one of his halfbreeds who, while still two days travel from Carlton, dressed up one morning expecting to make the post by noon. He, relying upon the Franklin observations, was certain of his position, and knew they were still eighty miles out. He proved to be correct, and ever after his men relied upon his big medicine to tell them where they were.

Fort Carlton was the winter base for 1857-8. Palliser made a trip East while Dr. Hector visited Edmonton, Lac la Biche, Lac St. Anne, Pigeon Lake, and Rocky Mountain House. He notes rain at Fort Pitt on December 20th. Leaving the Saskatchewan at the mouth of Vermilion River he travelled by Whitford Lake to Edmonton. At a point about directly north of the present town of Innisfree he saw a slaughter of buffalo in a pound, and was astonished at the incredible numbers of buffalo all along the route.

He arrived at Fort Edmonton on December 30th in time for the New Year celebration. His comments make interesting reading. "The fort was palisaded and contained a population of 27 men, 18 women and 48 children, with 15 buffalo hunters away. The daily fresh meat ration was 526 lbs. on a basis of 6 pounds per adult and from 2 to 4 pounds per day for children. Thirty acres were under cultivation, and a crude flour mill was operated by wind power." The local coal seams were carefully described, and the fact that some had been on fire was noted. On the way to Rocky Mountain House the party started a prairie fire on January 10th. At Rocky Mountain House he met the Blackfeet and paved the way for a visit to their country the next summer. Here he met a hunter called "the one with a thumb like a blunt arrow," who had a record of 57 moose in one season. Provisions were very scarce, and for the return trip to Edmonton for 4 men and 16 dogs they had only 20 lbs. of pemmican and some flour sweepings. The dogs became so hungry they had to be staked

out at night to keep them from eating each other. Quite casually he remarks, "I had no difficulty in mapping the river with the compass as I went along." An epidemic of influenza at Edmonton with two deaths, and the prevalence of goitre caught his attention. He found about eighty houses at Lac St. Anne, and duly recorded a catch of 40,000 whitefish in five days. On February 25th the temperature was +65 and on March 6th +70 with water running and the ground thawed to a depth of 6 inches. Here he engaged Peter Erasmus, and going out to Hay Lakes met the Lac St. Anne hunters and engaged Gabriel Dumont and 12 men for the next summer. On March 29th the first goose arrived at Carlton House, and on June 2nd the Hudson's Bay Brigade set out.

The two following summers were spent in exploring the prairie country south to the boundary and the Rocky Mountain Passes. Four of these were examined—the Kananashis, the British Kootenay, the Vermilion and the Kicking Horse. The latter was named by Dr. Hector in memory of being severely kicked by a pack-horse. Palliser was not in favor of a road to British Columbia in British territory.

His descriptions of the prairie are especially accurate. What we have come to call the drouth area he outlined with uncanny accuracy. His description is as follows: "A projection of the American arid region intrudes into British territory and would be roughly contained by a triangle based upon the 49th parallel between 100° and 114° West with its apex at 43° north." Reference to the map verifies the accuracy of his description. But he specifically excepts the Hand Hills and the Cypress Hills from the general description. His conclusions were based upon the character of the vegetation, the condition of the soil and his own meteorological observations.

The writer is fairly familiar with all the settled area of Alberta, and there is scarcely a single exception to the general statement that where Palliser noted regions especially suitable for settlement, experience has shown him to be right and where he made an adverse report he was

equally right. In the main he was most enthusiastic as to the possibilities of the country. The space for this article prohibits further details. To those who are interested, Palliser's Journal makes most fascinating reading, and its perusal makes clear why one writer says he forever vanished the thought that the country was an Arctic barren. "On the contrary," said

Palliser, "almost all the West is suitable for agricultural settlement." "The famous report which he presented changed everyone's ideas and marked the birth year of the modern west." We can only regret that when our settlement policy was being developed more attention was not paid to some details of that famous document.

## AS OTHERS SEE US

By R.D.

Three men sat in the smoking compartment of a transcontinental train. Outside, the lights of Edmonton twinkled in the cold night, and a bitter wind blew shrilly along the platform. First street, with its squat wooden buildings, was deserted save when a lumbering street car rocked and clanged its way through the gloomy isolation.

In the smoking room, the atmosphere was heavy with the stench of discarded, water-soaked cigar butts, and unbathed human bodies. Two of the men seated there stared blankly out at the midnight scene, the unmoving stolidity of their faces broken only by an occasional cavernous yawn. The third occupant of the car sat reading in a corner of the settee.

With a grunt and a squirm of his corpulent body, one of the two men sitting by the window pulled out from the folds of his vest a heavy gold watch, and broke the silence of the room with a wheeze that heralded speech.

"Should be rollin out of here most any time. Twenty-eight after, I got. What you got?"

His companion underwent a similar contortion, and then voiced his verdict.

"Me, I got twenty-nine, almost a half. I'm maybe a minute or two fast."

Followed yawns, and more staring into the wintry night. Then speech again.

"What sort of a town's this Edmonton. Kinda dead, ain't it?"

"Yeah, very conservative. Get quite a crop round here, though."

"Feller was telling me there's places in this district where they haven't prac-

tically no crop at all. He was sayin if they'd cut their estimates half in two, why——"

"Well, there's always a lotta bull about these crops. Feller can't hardly believe the papers, not with them tryin to get settlers into the district, and bullin about the average yield."

"Yeah. Got quite a university here, they say. Was readin in the papers they won prizes at the Chicago show with their exhibits."

"Yeah, got quite a school. My sister, she's got a son attendin' here. Got him goin' in for Medicine. Seen him at Christmas time when I was down. Used to be a fair-enough boy, but now he's turned into a regular lah-de-da feller. It's alright enough, I guess, this university education, when they get aways from there, but they sure as hell fill a kid with a lot of bum notions about things he don't need to have no business with. Here's this boy goin' in for doctorin', and they teachin' him Shakespeare. What good's being able to spiel *Romeo Juliet* goin' to do him when he stacks up against a real honest-to-God operation in a farmhouse, with maybe just touch and go dependin' on him keepin' his head. He don't see it that way though. Them professors sure fill them up with a smooth line of bull. He give me this for a backchat. Says Shakespeare's plays got included in them all the sufferin' and all the happiness that human nature—I'm givin' you what he hands me—has ever experienced. Says sympathy, f'r instance, is what no doctor can't do without, and by readin' Shakespeare, he develops his power of sym-

pathy. Ain't no good arguin' with him. I told my brother-in-law he was allowin' a good laborer to go to waste, along with the money he was spendin' on educatin' the boy. I figure he sort of feels that way too, but my sister, she's all set on the boy bein' a doctor."

"Yeah, seems kind of funny all this bunk they hand 'em. Don't know, but it seems to me if they just give 'em strictly what they need to get out and cure sickness, they'd get through their courses in half the time. You and me's payin' for it as well as the parents. Upkeep on that little college runs away with quite a wad of public money every year. It's alright, I guess, spendin' that money on teachin' them how to cut up guys and what pills they best use, but teachin' them literature and that sort of bunk's a sheer waste of time and money. As long as they know how to speak the English language is all they need, and not so much of that, I guess, if they go doctorin' in some of those Ukrainian and Russian districts."

"Well, sir, ladies' ready-to-wear has brought me in a solid three hundred per for the last six years, and lemme tell you there's darned few doctors makin' that, not with office expenses and bad debts. And I don't need nothin' in my profession but a good line of talk and business ability. Course I can blah-blah it with the best of them when I come up against it. But there's only one customer I ever came into contact with in this game who was fond of poetry and books, and he went broke and paid only twelve cents on the dollar. Caught my house for something like three thousand dollars. I should have knowed better. I told the boss that. Kind of a dreamy look in his eyes, this guy had, all the time when he spoke to you, like he had some joke you wasn't in on."

"Yeah, I know the kind. And there's lots more like them. Now I got it this way. This country's young, and her natural resources ain't hardly been scratched yet. Now we want young fellers that ain't afraid of work to develop them. Maybe what these professor fellers say about literature teaching you to enjoy life is o.k. Personally I figure I get as much kick outta life as any them guys who's got their heads always buried in books.

What's more I own me own home, and I gotta car and a radio near paid for, while they's wearin' out the seat of their pants, figurin' how to be happy. But what I was sayin' as long as these professors are goin' to teach our young fellers to be ashamed of work, then what I mean, they're a menace to democracy."

"Yeah, this is a democratic country. We don't want no lah-da-da fellers like what them Englishmen are, with their butlers and valets looking after them like they was still in diapers. At Oxford and Cambridge, that's what they teach these guys is English literature, Latin, and history. I guess maybe we're smarter. We teach our kids that bunk at school, and we figure on them having sense enough when they get to university to learn something that's goin' to bring them in real dollar-and-cent value."

The man seated in the corner closed the book which for half-an-hour he had held in front of him without turning a page. The climax in the colloquy to which he had been an amused listener had come. Looking out the window to where his own reflection gazed back at him out of the wintry blackness, he burst into a prolonged laugh. Two vacant visages turned an enquiring gaze upon him; puffy red faces with protruding pale blue eyes. They spoke no word, but that they expected an explanation of the sudden burst of mirth was apparent by the solemn steadiness with which they regarded him.

"Sorry, gentlemen"—he struggled with the rising tide of laughter—"sorry, gentlemen, I was just thinking of something funny. A friend of mine said the other day that the trouble with us in Alberta is that we think our province is the focal point of civilization, and fail to realize that after all it is only a cultural outpost."

He got up and moved towards the green-curtained doorway that led into the aisle—"And I was just wondering"—he paused in the doorway, and looked back at them for a moment—"I was just wondering how far out a post can be, and still be called an outpost."

Left alone the two faces turned their enquiring gaze upon each other:

"Crazy, that guy."

"Yeah, seems like."

## PEACE

BY HELEN McQUEEN.

The Editor said I was to write an article, and after the usual discussion I agreed. But it isn't an article after all—just a few sketchy impressions of the Peace River country as it affected me. Those of you who are interested in that district from a material economic standpoint—who want statistics—stop at this point. Better informed people than I are ably describing that side of the situation. I write from a purely subjective point of view; and perhaps I have, despite Meredith's warning, fallen into "an abyss of sentiment."

Three times I have visited the Peace River country—and I hope to go again some day. My first experience of it was in May, 1926. J. A. Macgregor, that genial Scot, who was then manager of the E.D. & B.C. Railway, took up a party of twelve for the week of the Peace River Musical Festival, which he had helped to establish as an annual event.

The reception given us on that occasion was characteristic—everybody was friendly, and eager to help us see as much of their country as possible. The welcome was reminiscent of the West in the old days.

Around Peace River town there are many lovely spots. I have often envied Sir Alexander Mackenzie his first glimpse of that valley, unspoiled by civilization—for even now it beggars description. Surprisingly good roads make it possible to see much of the country in a short time. One lovely drive follows the river bank for a few miles, to the old French and English missions.

The story of Twelve-Foot Davis has been chronicled in these pages by a pen which puts mine to shame. The view from the height where he is buried is now becoming famous, and some day an artist may do it justice—the wide sweep of valley, with that perfect union of the Hart and Smoky Rivers with the Peace. If you want to feel the true repose of Peace River, go up by the grave of Twelve-Foot Davis on a sunny afternoon and survey

the valley below. Peace will steal into your heart, and the annoying trifles of life will cease to have meaning. The name of the Peace River supposedly comes from the making of peace on its banks by Indian tribes once long ago—but a more suitable name could not have been chosen, for peace lies in the breadth, the silent, inevitable flow of the river on its way to the mighty Mackenzie.

My first feeling was one of almost indignation. Why had no one told me how beautiful this country was? In this Mammon-worshipping age such qualifications as beauty are not considered vital—you can't "cash in" on beauty. Even now, with the papers full of the prospects and potentialities of the Peace River country, interest does not seem to extend far beyond the possibilities of exploiting the wealth at our door.

One time I was North we had the joy of driving across country from Peace River to Grande Prairie. It was a rare experience, as there is a variety of energy which is charming—rather wild wooded stretches through the Saddle Hills, mellow farm country around Spirit River and Grande Prairie. Crossing the river by ferry at Dunvegan was an experience worth remembering.

In July, 1926, we went up river by the Hudson's Bay Company's steamship "D. A. Thomas" to Hudson Hope—a perfect trip. We had a more than congenial group on board, and Captain McLeod and his officers did their utmost for our happiness.

At Peace River town the valley is broad, but back of the flat the sides rise to about five hundred feet—green hills, rounded by glacial action. As one goes up the river, the banks rise more abruptly, and are thickly wooded with birch poplar, and spruce.

The country is a paradise for the Izaak Walton and the Nimrods, for fish and game abound. We saw a moose, and later a deer, swimming the river. Some of the crew attempted to lasso them, but

both reached the bank, and safety—to my great satisfaction.

We had to stop now and then to load up with wood, and rather enjoyed the delays—except on one or two occasions when we encountered man-eating mosquitoes!

Places which had been merely names on the map came to have reality—Fort St. John, Rolla, Dunvegan. The residents turned out in force to greet the boat, get mail, and view the passengers—for all strangers are of tremendous interest in the North.

At Hudson Hope we were warmly welcomed. Some of the people we met had come miles for the celebrations which always take place when the boat comes in.

We spent one perfect day on a trip up to "The Canyon." Those who could ride went on horseback, but we travelled in a wagon cushioned with hay—which was just as well. The road was a mere trail, with many stumps along it, over which we bounced merrily.

The view at the canyon was more than worth the trip. Navigation here is impossible. In mid-stream islands with steep sandstone cliffs topped by close-growing trees obstruct the current, and the river lashes itself into a fury at their base. The more energetic members of the party fished, and explored the banks, but I, with another person as lazy as myself, sat on a rock dangling my feet over the torrent, and talked of "Shoes and ships and sealing-wax"—and several other things.

We picnicked all day, and went back to the boat for dinner. Afterwards we walked through and past the town, up on a rise behind it, from where one can catch a glimpse of the Rocky Mountains. Everywhere in the North I wanted to reach the highest point available, and survey the country as Moses did the Promised Land. I always had the feeling of Kipling's explorer—

"Something hidden. Go and find it. Go and look behind the Ranges—

Something lost behind the Ranges—lost and waiting for you. Go!"

Eventually we went back to the boat, and the dance started. The girls were outnumbered by men about four to one,

and it was, to say the least, a strenuous evening. After it was over, I was privileged to see a sunrise worthy of the name—but I am not going to spoil it by trying to describe it. It was with heart-felt sorrow that we left Hudson Hope to return to Peace River.

Perhaps the people fascinated me as much as the country. They have the optimism of those who belong to a new country, and the faith of those who build not for themselves alone, but for future generations.

The variety in type is amazing, from thrifty settler to adventurer, mounted policeman to trapper, Hudson's Bay factor to "remittance man"—ignorant, cultured, ordinary, extraordinary—each playing his part in developing the country. The homes—and I was privileged to visit a few—are as varied as their owners. I felt as I had stepped into an unreal sort of story—not the usual Northern tale of Indians, Hudson's Bay posts, intriguing half-breeds, mounted policemen "getting" their man—but an atmosphere vaguely like this, which no writer has ever properly expressed.

After a jaded inspection of modern flappers one is inclined to draw bitter conclusions about the deterioration of women. One cure for such pessimism lies in observing the women of the North—hardy, willing, helping with the outside work in addition to housekeeping, bearing children, nursing family and neighbours, with no doctor for miles around—and smiling as they toil. It reminded me of lines from a poem (though critics may question its right to the name)—

"But they have sung with silent lives the song all songs above—  
The holiness of sacrifice, the dignity of love."

These Maria Chapdelaines of the North are as yet unsung, but I hope some day a Hemon will come to do them justice.

Many amusing things happened, but some of the best of them must of necessity remain unpublished, for the characters concerned are still very much alive. But if you will come to me quietly some dull day perhaps I can fill in some of the blanks—and then you may forgive me for writing this.



## EDITORIAL

## GROUP INTEREST

LACK of interest in civic affairs is commonly observed in communities enjoying stable and benevolent government. As often as it is observed it is decried as forecasting the downfall of that government of, for and by the people, which centuries of strife has been at such pains to build up. In some cases, Australia to wit, lack of interest is considered a crime against the state; in others it is regarded as a tacit admission by the multitude that politics and statesmanship are avocations that only the qualified and interested few should pursue.

In regard to the latter attitude, it seems to be true, that in each of the five or ten ages of life only a few individuals emerge from the herd to carry on communal business. The politics of the school-boy "gang" are hatched and nurtured by the freckled kid who packs the punch. In high-school the adolescent may use flour and buttermilk to remove the freckles and the punch has become more or less figurative, but the lad with ideas and the ability to expose them runs the school. There is a political lassitude about the pupil multitude that is remarkably similar to that of adult electors.

Group life in the university is a little more hectic than that in high-school, but certainly not more so than the general run of political constituencies. The youth at college is traditionally considered "wisely foolish"—sophomoric—well-content with his own conceits. It may be so; but observations at the University of Alberta suggest a modesty, withal, that has been most exasperating to elected student officials this year. Meetings of the Students' Union, called to confirm action of the executive council or legislate by-laws, have failed to realize a quorum. To meet the situation, according to student officers, there is a likelihood that the students will be asked to relinquish their legislative function and place it in the hands of politically-minded individuals who can be relied upon to take an interest in the affairs of the group.

Simon de Montfort's representative

parliament was organized to overcome the difficulties of space and time in an age when two points were farther apart than they are now. It is interesting to note how the same forms of government may be used to overcome a different set of obstacles.

The undergraduates will show good judgment in handing over administration to those who are willing and able to do the work, rather than in attempting an artificial stimulation of interest.

## POLICING ALBERTA

THE Dominion Government has estimated that the cost of controlling crime in Alberta would be \$50,000 more than in Saskatchewan, in case the R. C. M. P. should take over the task of policing both provinces. The partiality shown the neighboring province has greatly exorcised government officials of Alberta, and some of the newspapers of the province. Evidently wheat is not the only Alberta product that has a monetary value. What price wickedness?

It is probable that Alberta's crop of sin averages considerably less per acre than that of Saskatchewan, so that on the surface the discrepancy seems unfounded. There is this fact to be taken into consideration, however: in Saskatchewan all the mountie has to do is to chase the sinner over flat land until he catches him. In Alberta, on the other hand, the criminal can take pot shots at his pursuer from behind a tree; or he can climb a mountain and roll down stones like the brigands of Spain; or he can disguise himself as a prospector and go play with the Indians in the barren lands. Alberta is the land of golden opportunities for elusion.

## STUDENT ACTIVITIES

IN the paragraphs entitled "Campus Chatter" in this issue of *The Trail*, Don MacKenzie expresses student opinion on the recurrent topic of credit for extra-curricular activities in the University. He

(Continued on Page 32.)



## ALUMNI NOTES

Considerable activity has been shown by the branches since December. A violin recital by Miss Kathleen Parlow, under the auspices of the Edmonton branch was decidedly successful; the enterprise of A. B. Harvey and his executive has elicited many favorable comments. In Calgary the customary Christmas dance was well attended and much enjoyed; in addition, the girls' basketball team was entertained at an informad dance after their game on February 8th.

\* \* \*

Nomination days are approaching! During March members in good standing will receive nomination papers. It should be noted that all the officers with the exception of the 2nd and 3rd vice-presidents must be residents of Edmonton. You are urged to exercise your franchise during April.

\* \* \*

It may not be generally known that provision has been made for life-membership in the Association. At present the fee is \$30.00, although an amendment to the constitution is about to be submitted to members in good standing increasing this to \$50.00, since the present rate of interest yields considerably less than the fee for ordinary membership. Another amendment which is proposed is to extend the Council's term of office to June 30th in order that it may adopt a financial report. In the past one of the first duties of the new Council has been to approve and assume responsibility for the financial affairs of their predecessors!

\* \* \*

Before another issue reaches you the class of 1928 will have crossed the burn-

ing sands, and our members will have increased to about 1,400. Plans for the entertainment of the graduating class are at present rather nebulous, but the President of the Association was heard to declare himself in favor of a "bang up party" recently. How about coming back for Convocation this year to participate in the fun? You could stretch a week-end to include Tuesday! (The Secretary is especially anxious to hear how many of Class '23 contemplate returning for the five-year anniversary.)

\* \* \*

In spite of the appeal for news issued recently in yellow slips, most of these are returned with no comment beyond the enclosure of coin of the realm. The Treasurer gets the money and ye Secretary has to draw on his imagination. Tell me what you're doing, folks, and I'll "tell the world"!

\* \* \*

Here are some jottings. *Fred Antrobus*, '26, "my mind fully made up as to what my life-work should be," is studying for the ministry at McMaster University. He intends to devote his life to work in the West. Strength to you, Fred. Says *J. T. Bullock*, '27 (Fort Saskatchewan): "Some of my old classmates might be interested—or amused—to know that I have been principal of the Great Bend Consolidated School since Sept. 3, 1926, and that the cares of office press somewhat heavily upon me." *C. M. Lavery*, '26 (Delburne), is principal of the Welborne Consolidated Schools. The first-named school seems most appropriately named, for disciplinary purposes. *Dr. Arthur Genereux*, '26, is apparently prac-

tising at Cudworth, Saskatchewan, while *Gordon Sutherland*, '27 (Dentistry), has also chosen that province, being located at Biggar. We'd like to hear more of the Meds and Dents if they could sandwich in a few lines between excavations and explorations!

*Mrs. F. D. Facey* (nee Cora Armstrong), '17, writes appreciatively of *The Trail* from San Fernanda, California. Why does that remind one of Robinson Crusoe's delectable island? (The answer to this riddle will *not* appear in the next issue.) *Miss Annie M. Goodall*, '25 (Pharmacy), modestly fails to speak for herself, but makes amends by reporting that *Donald P. Goodall*, '26, is taking post-graduate work in Geology at Stanford University, California. They say that puns are not perpetrated in the best circles, so we'll abstain!

Has anybody here seen *Kelly* (Wm. A., Ph.D.), '21 and '22? If not, you may do so by entraining for East Lansing, Michigan, thence searching out the Geology Department of Michigan State College. And by the way, Mrs. Kelly was *Ione McLoughlin*, '23. The Ph.D.'s are assuming imposing numbers and occupying imposing positions. All hail to them! The latest addition is *B. J. Mair*, '23, who tells of his success in a laconic wire to his people: "Got it." Congratulations, Bev.!

These successful people in the States have a warm corner for *The Trail*. *F. J. Batson*, '20, says: "... it has become an institution in our lives, and really is an important link with the past." Fred is superintendent and production manager of the Kettinger Company (solid walnut and mahogany furniture), Buffalo. He plans to visit Edmonton in the fall of '28. So does *G. H. Holmes*, '15, of Coocina, California, who says: "I have heard of your wonderful development and fear I shall hardly know the place."

\* \* \*

Altogether, too many letters come back to my desk marked "Left," "Removed," "Return to sender," by the Post Office. Even if you do leave town in a hurry, remember that you are one of a goodly company and that a lot of us are anxious

to keep in touch with you. Here's a list of people "at points unknown." Who knows where they are?

Appleton H., '14; Allwork, C. T., '22; Bell, R. C., '16; Bercov, H. A., '25; Berman, D., '21; Bird, H., '15; Boyd, John, '21; Madsen, Mrs. A. R. (nee Rosa Broadbridge), '24; Brown, Thomas (B.S.A.), '18; Blair, Mrs. W. (nee Lola Scott), '23; Budd, W. S., '21, '24; Burley, A. E., '21; Butchart, H. T., '22; Calhoun, W. P., '27; Chrishof, N., '24; Colter, R. K., '20; Coulter, Howard, '17; Crockett, W. M., '17; Davidson, Walter, '13; Davies, J. H., '22; Dobry, Christine, '21, '22; Downing, Percy, '25; Driscoll, John R., '25; Dymond, S. J., '16; Edgar, J. E., '27; Erdman, Natalie, '17; Evans, R. W., '22; Fetter, Roy E., '22; Fleming, Florence M., '25; Forster, H. E., '15; Mrs. Richards (nee Lila M. Fraser), '21; Galloway, Minnie, '23; Glenn, John, '14, '25; Hardin, H. F., '21; Garbutt, Amy, '23; Glen, H. D. S., '25; Henderson, Flossie, '20; Henry, Halley, '23; Hotson, Marjorie, '19; Jampolsky, Moses, '22; Johnson, K. G., '27; Johnston, H. C., '22; Kask, Mary K., '22; Klinck, W. R., '27; Lake, Ethel, '20; Legg, C. L., '14; Lipson, Barnett, '24; MacDougall, Wm. R., '21; MacGillivray, R. B., '20; MacLeod, Munro, '21; MacVicar, John, '16; McBrine, A. R., '22, '24; McDonald, Isabella, T., '16; MacDonald, Neil D., '15, '16, '19; McFarland, Constance N., '20; McGookin, J. Y., '21, '22, '24; McKenna, Francis, '18; McLeod, W. J., '23, '24; McRae, D. M., '24; Mahaffy, James, '25; Mann, H. H. M., '24; Menzies, Ernest, '18; Miskew, Peter, '22, '26; Moffat, Flora, '24; Moss, R. W., '23; Mulholland, Elsie, '23; Noble, G. D., '22; Paton, Thos., '20; Pearson, W. C., '24; Robinson, Harold, '17; Robison, Sam C., '23; Ross, Wm. S., '25, '27; Ruddy, C. E., '24; Russell, Jas., '22; Sawula, S., '22; Shankman, H., '23; Shaver, Alice, '25; Smith, Lister E. (D.D.S.), '27; Smith, Marion (B.A.), '15; Soltan, W. G., '20; Stafford, Dorothy, '22; Stock, S. W., '24; Swanson, Alice, '22; Thompson, N. G. (Ag.), '25; Todd, W. H., '24, '25; Trimble, Gladys, '21; Tuck, M. A., '24; Turcotte, L. S., '24; Valiquette, J. A., '17; Van Buren, Hazel, '23; Varnum, A. C., '22; Way, Vernon, '25; Weinlos, M., '25;

White, J. G., '12; White, T. E., '24; Willis, E. F., '22; Wilson, T. J., '15.

Almost a hundred of them! And of the other 1,150 probably fifty are incorrectly listed. Even so, I venture a guess that 12 per cent. is not so bad. Let's keep up the good work—look over the list and do your bit NOW.

Exit, right, left, and centre.

YE SECRETARY.

P.S.—What about this for patriotism? Inferiority complexers, please note: "Two years in retrospect here at Bowden in the midst of a fine grain and mixed farming district with the towering Rockies as a western panorama leaves me with an unqualified admiration for this part of the province and its developers, despite the recent hectic diatribe against my profession by an explosive few which appeared not long back—in which we country practitioners were badly used. With a world's champion bull bred on C. H. Richardson's farm here (fed by the U. of A.) and Bowden's frequent appearance on the list of prize winners at the Provincial Seed Fair, the agricultural pages of provincial history are receiving their fair share of contributions from this part of

the country—which in the great urge northward is not receiving much attention, but still awaits development. Let not the city forget its dependence upon the good broad acres not only for wheat and butter, but for renewal of its youth and untarnished health and strength. In this great land of Tomorrow—1928 looks like a good year. Good luck to us all!" —A. Koch (LL.B. '14).

Jack English, '25, Assistant Trade Commissioner, 44 Whitehall St., New York City, is a model alumnus. I had hardly received a letter back addressed to Douglas S. Simpson, '24, and marked, "Cannot be found," when in come fees from the aforesaid A.T.C., with Doug's address (Peters & Peters Inc., 25 Broadway, New York City). Two other addresses were included for good measure: Max B. Palmer, '23, c/o Commercial Intelligence Service, Ottawa, and Lester Glass, '26, Asst. Trade Commissioner, Bristol, England. These B.Comms. do get on and around in the world! (Many thanks, Jack!)

Miss Ethel M. Steele, '21, '27, says: "I'm on the H.S. staff at High River. We have George ('27) and Frances Conquest with us. . . In the rush of work and play

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it's hard to find time and so easy to fail to express one's appreciation of *The Trail* and *The Gateway* in the desired tangible form." The tangible cheque is much appreciated at this end, and we'll strive to please!

Last only in point of time is this "The 'Com'—At the Sign of the Crusty Pup—are still existing nobly, though scattered across a continent. *Marion Jamieson*, '27, is at the University of Toronto, *Nancy Rudolph*, '27, at the University of B.C., *Monica Adam*, '27, and *Harriet Ctewart*, '27, are painfully becoming pedagogues at Calgary Normal, while *Erma Nichols*, '27, is teaching in the wilds of Idaho (Sec. note: Where?), and *Dorothy Werthenbach*, '27, ditto in Saskatchewan (Hoosier). It's a horrible process being scattered from Varsity, but they vow a full reunion to "Sweetness and Light" will be accomplished soon."

Miss Werthenbach is a model *alumna*. Go ye and do likewise, giving street and number, please.

G.B.T.

P.S.S.—My last appearance, introduc-

ing E. T. Mitchell, '12, '13, and Ph.D. (Chicago). To receive a letter containing a contribution to *The Trail* and one to the treasury is to experience bliss indeed. Dr. Mitchell says:

The Editor, *The Trail*.

Sir, — Enclosed please find alumni dues of \$2.00. May I trouble you to pass it on to the treasurer.

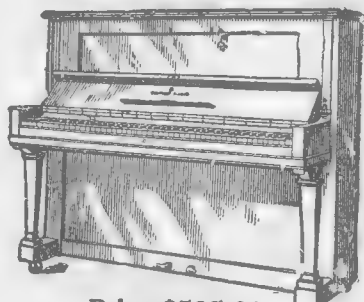
No news. Just plugging along as Associate Professor of Philosophy, teaching the youthful Texans to think logically and behave ethically.

I enclose for your off-hand consideration a learned exposition of the well known but little understood classic, "The Cat and the Fiddle." The present generation of U. of A. students are no doubt far too sophisticated to care for such an article but it might be appreciated by the more primitive classes of '12, '13 and '14, or indeed by anyone who has danced the old squares to the "Irish Washerwoman" on the fiddle. I dedicate the little article to "The Oldtimers."

I also enclose an American four cent stamp. I know it is not of the slightest

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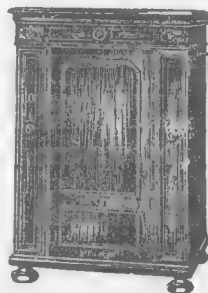
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use to you, but I wish to show you that my heart is in the right place. If you cannot use "The Cat and the Fiddle," please return it while the year is yet young. I shall wish to add to it and send it on its travels again. I am quite used to having manuscripts returned. The cheque, by the way, is not a bribe.

More power to *The Trail*. We enjoy its visits very much. To an exile on a foreign strand it brings many items of interest and comfort. If you would care for a more serious article from my *lucid* (?) pen I should be glad to submit one from time to time for your approval.—*E. T. Mitchell.*

### Births and Marriages

(Notices of Births and Marriages and Obituary Notices should be sent to Greta Simpson, University of Alberta, Edmonton.)

#### BIRTHS

JOHNS—At Ottawa, Ont., November, 1927, to Mr. and Mrs. C. K. Johns, a daughter, Mary Cicely.

KIDD—At Drumheller, Alberta, on December 25, 1927, to Mr. Gordon Kidd, '16, and Mrs. Kidd, a son, John Gordon.

PARNEY—At the Royal Alexandra Hospital, on January 23, 1928, to Mr. and Mrs. George Parney, a daughter, Ruth Margaret.

LAW—At Tofield, Alberta, on December 28, 1927, to Dr. and Mrs. Frank F. Law, a son, James Andrew.

SMITH—At Royal Alexandra Hospital, on December 29, 1927, to Mr. and Mrs. Bruce Smith, a son, David Bruce.

MORRISON—At Edmonton, on January 2nd, 1928, to Mr. and Mrs. I. B. Morrison, a son, Harold Lavell.

#### MARRIAGES

DICKINS—GERRIE—At Edmonton, Alta., Constance, only daughter of the Rev. Capt. J. P. Gerrie and Mrs. Gerrie, to Clennell Haggerston, son of Mr. and Mrs. Ambrose H. Dickins, of Edmonton. Mr. and Mrs. Dickins are residing in Calgary.

BROADUS—BLAUVELT — At New York City, December 27, 1927, Elizabeth Walters Blauvelt, to Kemper Hammond Broadus.

ETHRIDGE—MARTIN—At Vancouver, December, 1927, Jessie Martin, late of Calgary, to Fred M. Ethridge, B.Sc. '26. Mr. and Mrs. Ethridge are residing at Anyox, B.C.

HOLMES—RICHARDS—Yesterday evening at the home of the bride's parents, Mr. and Mrs. A. J. Richards, 11716 Victoria Avenue, Edmonton, the marriage was solemnized of Miss Dorothy Richards, B.A. '23, and Mr. C. MacDonald Holmes, B.Sc. '27, son of Dr. and Mrs. C. U. Holmes of this city. Rev. D. E. Cameron, University Librarian, performed the ceremony. Miss Grace Parmelee, Arts '28, attended the bride, while Mr. Ted Day, LL.B. '25, was best man.

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## CAMPUS CHATTER

Two years ago most of us were shocked to see several Students' Council offices go by acclamation; last year, nine out of thirteen positions were filled in that manner. This month nominations and elections are again due, and it seems certain that there will be the same result. Students are fast losing faith in a system of student government which has so manifestly failed, and they are reluctant to follow the example of those who have accepted responsibilities at the express or implied request of members of the faculty—and have been plucked as an expression of gratitude. Under the present system a student puts a mortgage on his degree by accepting office, and that fact has at last been realized. If a student lacks a few marks through trying to live up to the ideal of student government given him in his Freshman days, it not only does not count in his favor; it is used against him.

\* \* \*

Many reasons have been suggested for the failure of our student government. May it not be that the best men and women—those on whose attitude the fate of student government rests—have grown tired of seeing academic distinction going not to the most worthy students, but to the most selfish?

\* \* \*

Not even by sending press-gangs through the libraries, by collecting all the youngsters waiting in the barber shop and by calling in the janitors, have Wesley Oke and his council been able to get a quorum for a Students' Union meeting. The Council has earnestly discussed the advisability of resigning, but has carried on and done the Union's work in addition to its own. The consensus of student opinion is that a new relationship between the faculty and the students must be established before anything else is discussed. Meanwhile, the common room rings once again to political argument, *The Gateway* is full of it, and even the proponents of a policy of apathy have to forget their creed and arm themselves against the proponents of revolution.

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Small things, as ever, are to the fore. The cancellation of Med Nite and the French Club party, the postponement of the Undergrad due to a schedule mix-up, initiation, advertising in the rink, smoking in the halls, and similar petty worries call forth the most frequent outbursts. Tra-la-la . . . boys will have their fun.

\* \* \*

"Happiest days of my life. Let's go over to the Dean's verandah and give three cheers for dear old Varsity." . . . But of course you've been to the movies too, and you know, moreover, that we do have good times. We can all sit back and chuckle over the antics of Casey Jones and Shirley MacDonald, who formed themselves into a Gateway-Commission-to-Inquire-Into-the-Size-of-Buns-and-the-Price-of-Tea-at-the-Tuck. And we can laugh with ill-suppressed glee as we watch club after club organize itself to hear lectures and drink tea at 4:30. Really, there's nothing funnier than this lecture business; it will be remembered long after the red-tape of the general office is forgotten.

The students have lectures on Mondays, Tuesdays, Wednesdays, Thursdays, Fridays, and Saturdays: they get the lecture habit; the University is a lecture-extravaganza. And two or three times a year come exchange professors . . . with a lecture as a novelty. Across the line the students commit suicide.

\* \* \*

Class '28 won its second successive Dramat victory with *Campbell of Kilmoor*, a worthy successor to *The Dreamy Kid*. The seniors had an experienced cast directed by R. V. Clark, who has produced two shield winners in the last three years. It was a gruesome night—three of the four plays were tragedies—and the Sophs are to be thanked for cheering things up with a delightful rendering of Shaw's *How He Lied to Her Husband*. "Felp" Priestly, a newcomer, was outstanding. In spite of the Sophs, however, the seniors won with a play by an obscure Mr. Ferguson in competition with Maeterlinck, Eugene O'Neill and Bernard Shaw.

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The Dramat is venturing into the field of European drama this spring with Leonid Andreyev's *He Who Gets Slapped*. Elizabeth Sterling Haynes, best remembered locally for her outstanding success with *Dear Brutus* some years ago, will direct the play. The dates are March 8 and 9.

\* \* \*

In spite of the new rink the hockey team is trailing in the Edmonton City League. They have, however, played some great games this winter and may pull up as they did last year, in the Duggan Cup games. The basketball boys have done better, and seem well on the way toward a championship or two. The same situation exists in the ladies' sports. The basketballers have retained the Race Cup and are still climbing, but the hockey team has not been so fortunate.

\* \* \*

Varsity made a brave attempt to win back the McGoun Memorial Cup in the inter-varsity debating league. Bob Hill and Sid Fisher scored a decisive victory over the University of Manitoba team, in Alberta's home debate, but Jack Hopkins and Charlie Fisher weren't so fortunate and lost to Saskatchewan by a 2-1 judges vote. The U. of S., the 1927 holders of the trophy, made an unusually spirited fight to retain it; they were successful, winning both their debates, one of which was the only victory secured by a team arguing the negative side of the subject, "That commercial imperialism is a perpetual menace to world peace." From Alberta's standpoint, Bob Hill was the "find" of the year; his three team-mates had all earned their spurs in previous debates.

\* \* \*

At the time of writing, the Maritime Debate is in the very near future. Representatives of the University of New Brunswick, Acadia University and Dalhousie University will meet J. Ansel Anderson, Sid Fisher and Ronald Martland in Alberta's first debate with an eastern Canadian team. Next year, a western university team is to tour Canada, also under the National Federation of Canadian University Students. The universities of British Columbia, Alberta and

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Saskatchewan will each appoint a member. It is to be hoped that an Albertan will be chosen who can represent us with credit both on and off the platform, and that his appointment will be made at a sufficiently early date to allow him to do all he can to minimize the damage to his year's academic work.

\* \* \*

The N.F.C.U.S. met at Christmas for its annual meeting, among those present being Percy Davies, who was re-elected secretary-treasurer of the organization, and Wesley Oke, who represented the University of Alberta. Extensive plans were made for concerted action with regard to student tours, publishing of textbooks, insurance, reduced railway rates, debating tours, scholarships, and many other student problems. Some of these plans will become operative during the coming year.

\* \* \*

*The Gateway* is still publishing in spite of alterations. It has changed the head on page one to something more ornate, but it still describes in painful detail all the doings of the C.O.T.C., the Philosoph, the Arts Club, the Botany Club, the Engineering Society, the German Club, and so on. Casserole, too, is just the same, and alumni would recognize most of its items quite readily. The editorials and features, however, are attracting wide attention—and justly, for they are well above the average of Canadian college journalism. A well-known pen-name is usually sufficient to recommend an article, and students have been known to read the contributions of "Happy Pagan," "Seneca," "Hassan—a Dreamer," "Philo," and "Dokalik," even before turning to Casserole.

\* \* \*

Max Wershof, as editor, has been both courageous and indiscreet. He has ventured to published articles on local abuses of long standing which earlier editors have felt constrained to overlook; but the manner in which much of this has been done has not always been in as good taste as it might have been. The result, in the main, has been good, for *The Gateway* was never more thoroughly read by its subscribers. The editor has used the very

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able writers associated with him to strike out at anything and everything in the student community. Moreover, he has offered his columns for any and all contributions which are not libellous or indecent. Outside organizations, student societies and members of the staff have been rudely, sometimes too rudely, dragged into the spotlight. But it's worth a fellow's while to buy one and see for himself. Ten cents.

\* \* \*

The end of the page already. Well, Sir Herbert Ames and R. B. Bennett spoke to groups of students, and the Wauneita Council convicted two members for "disloyalty" in venturing to express an opinion of the University's one secret society, and the Committee on Student Affairs quashed the conviction, and Varsity's stock entries won 31 prizes and four championships at Toronto and Chicago, and the Parliamentary Debates have been great fun, and the dances (they say) have been wonderful, and Varsity has her own radio station, and—there you are.

DON MACKENZIE.

#### *RHYMES—AND SUCH LIKE*

"HEAVEN IS NOT IN CONNECTICUT."—Bliss Carman

Hell is not in Edmonton,  
Nor in Ponoka, nor Leduc;  
It comes not in the Arctic wind,  
Nor in the cyclone, nor Chinook.

The city tradesman wails his lot,  
He tells his partner, life is Hell;  
And yet tomorrow says it's not,  
For business has been looking well.

The sewer navvy working slow,  
Perceives Hell in the broken drain;  
Yet when he's dammed the flood below,  
Why then 'tis Paradise again.

The budding lawyer, deep in torts,  
Says Hell is still in evidence;  
And sees the devil out of sorts,  
Infernal witness for defence.

The college student on exams.  
Finds Hell before him in the ink;  
In spite of all his midnight crams  
He cannot bring himself to think.

(Continued on Page 31.)

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## TO LADY LIGHT-OF-FOOT

*Lines Composed at the "Undergrad."*

By R.D.

A vision of grace and of beauty in barbarous form,  
Unimpeded by things made of metal, and stiff crinolines;  
Such things as our grandmothers wore in Victoria scenes.

Not slippered in black, or in stockings of puritan white,  
Nor bundled in muslins and prints of old pattern and hue;  
But daring in red, a color contrasting the light of your eyes, a deep blue.

Pulsating with movement, alive with the joy of fresh youth,  
Young cheeks all aglowing with happy excitement and fun;

Now teasing your lover, now melting in pretence of truth  
for the damage you've done.

No longer a maiden demure; the old-fashioned graces,  
The sighs and the blushes, and other Victorian ways  
Went out with large bosoms, and pale unattractive young faces  
such as Whistler portrays.

Perhaps there are things to deplore in your new-fashioned charm—  
The fact that the frank ways you boast of sometimes amaze;  
Yet you lack affectation, and therein the point of this psalm—  
you are worthy of praise.

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## STUDENT ACTIVITIES

(Continued from Page 20.)

complains that students are encouraged to take part in the various student activities on the campus, but that at the time of the blowing of the registrar's trumpet these students are not included in the academic elite. If extra-curricular experience, he argues, is of advantage to university students, then they should be credited with such work in the time of judgment.

*The Trail* cannot subscribe to this opinion. The University is generally supposed to have a part in fitting young men and women for life. There is no doubt that work with the Literary Association and the various athletic clubs contributes to the student's general fitness for living, for taking his part in the work-a-day and play-a-day world; but to give him academic credit for these non-academic interests would, in large part, defeat the very end they have in view. If these activities are worth while at all, then they are intrinsically worth while, they are worthy for their own sakes, and for what they add to the individual's life, and the life of the community. The failure of individuals to realize that the work of the community must be carried out by people willing and able to make the contributions, accounts for many of the weaknesses of democracy. The selfish attitude which always demands reward for endeavor is not the attitude to foster in an institution aiming to supply young people with the necessities of spiritual life.

There is a further observation. Leaders of the community must have the ability to carry on the work of the community effectually. Any student who lacks the ability to carry on his academic work and the work of the student community at the same time, certainly is not the student to encourage to leadership.



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